

Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 19. No. 5. July, 1946.



AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB SPRING MEETING 1946

to be held on Randwick Racecourse

OCTOBER 5th, 7th and 12th

PRINCIPAL EVENTS:

OCTOBER 5th

THE EPSOM HANDICAP, £3000 added - - . - - One Mile

THE A.J.C. DERBY, £5000 added - - - One Mile and a Half

THE BREEDERS' PLATE, £1,300 added - - - - Five Furlongs

OCTOBER 7th

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER METROPOLITAN HANDICAP,
£5,000 added - - One Mile and Five Furlongs

THE GIMCRACK STAKES, £1,300 added - - - - Five Furlongs

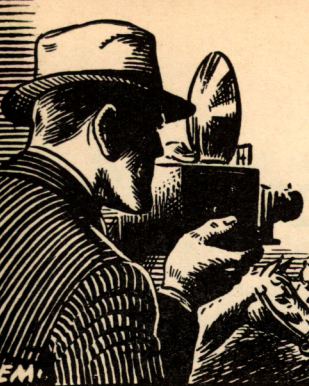
OCTOBER 12th

THE KING'S CUP, £5,000 added - - - One Mile and a Half

ENTRIES CLOSE AT 3 P.M. ON TUESDAY, 6th AUGUST, 1946

6 Bligh Street
Sydney

Geo. T. ROWE
Secretary

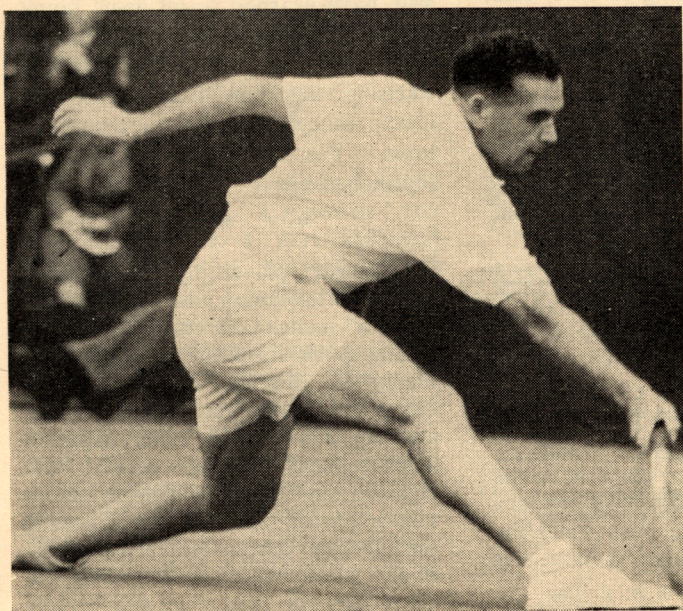
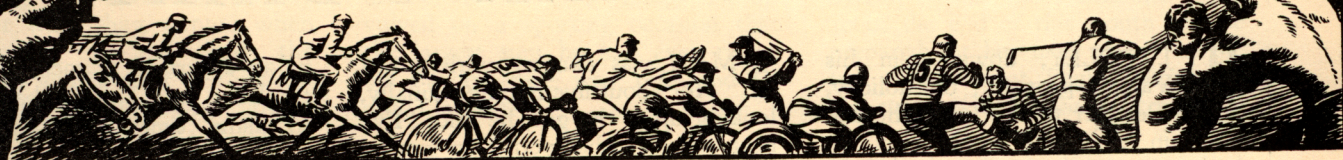


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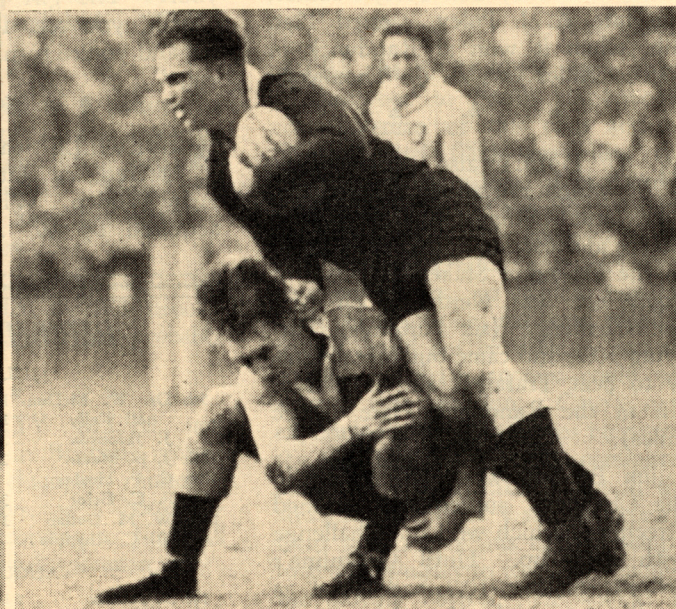
Vol. 19.

JULY, 1946.

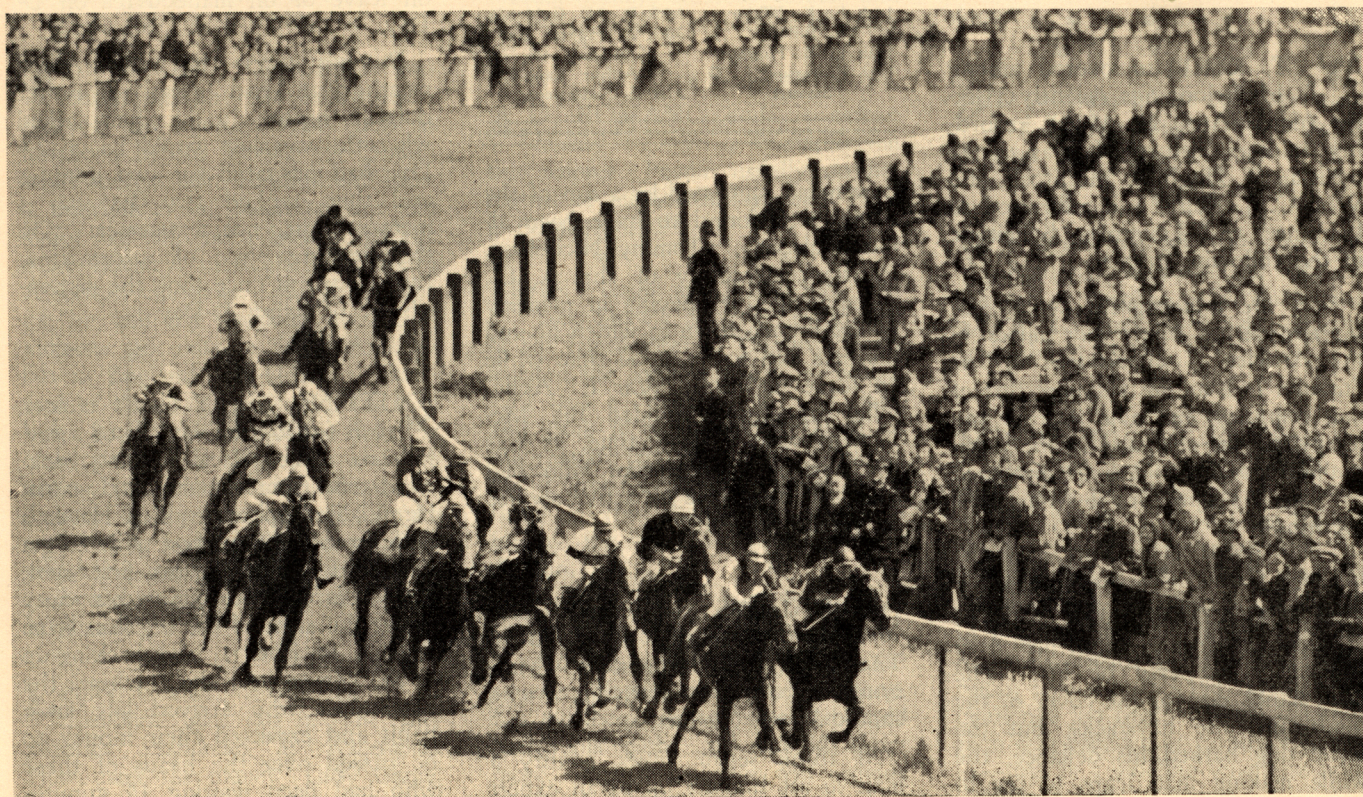
No. 5



Dinny Pails stepped into this one.



Catch-as-catch-can between N.S.W. and Queensland



Rounding Tottenham Corner in this year's Derby. The winner, Airborne, is seventh to last.

THE CLUB MAN'S DIARY

H. J. FOLEY, down from his Walgett property, on holiday, added Berthier to the list of horses, cited in the daily newspapers, as having won wiht big weights. Berthier, owned by Mr. Foley's father, the late A. J. Foley, carried 12st. 4lb. when it won at Randwick in 1905. Rider was A. C. Thomas.

* * *

A. J. FOLEY also owned Giru, which ran third in two Derbies, beat Cetigne in the Rawson Stakes at Rosehill, and beat Carlotta in the Essendon Stakes. Another of good 'uns was Neith, which won the Challenge (six furlongs), carrying 10.2, and came out subsequently to beat Trafalgar and Lord Nolan in the Randwick Plate (three miles).

Jim Barden, who rode Neith in the Challenge, subsequently trained Greenline, which won the Challenge with 10.3 up. Until Greenline's victory, Neith's 10.2 had stood as the biggest weight carried by a winner of the Challenge Stakes.

* * *

W. T. KERR uncovered among his belongings recently a letter (dated April 27, 1910), recording Stadium history. It was signed by himself, Hugh D. McIntosh, and Wm. C. J. Kelly, and addressed to Laurence and Laurence, Solicitors, in the following terms:

We, the undersigned, hereby authorise you to insert our names in the Articles of Association of the Stadium Ltd. as the first directors of that company, and now instruct you to register the company in the memorandum and articles, as prepared by you and approved by Hugh D. McIntosh.

* * *

DICK WOOTTON used to tell of the first aeroplane that flew over a country property of his: "The farm hands ran for the cover of the sheds and the haystacks, but the cattle dog barked his defiance, the while making mad leaps to try to reach it."

A MAN was dancing with a girl for about five minutes. Finally, looking up at the girl, he said: "I've been noticing that you keep getting taller all the time I'm dancing with you." The girl giggled and said, "Yeah, you see, I have a wooden leg and you're turning me the wrong way."

* * *

A BBEVILLE was originally registered as Little Artie, after Artie Fadden. When the horse was acquired by W. A. McDonald, a

be an expert on women, but he can think he is. I have been wolfed so many times I'm beginning to bleat when I talk. There's one warning I have to make. The fact you have learned a lot isn't going to mean a thing when some beautiful blonde or brunette or redhead starts giving you the works, her lovely mouth rounded in a musical howl. Yes, all women are wolves, thank heaven."

* * *

BIRTHDAYS

JULY.

5th Dr. W. McDon-	17th L. Mitchell
nell Kelly	19th A. H. Stocks
J. Jacobson	21st G. F. Wilson
6th J. B. Moran	28th L. J. Maidment
8th C. F. Horley	C. B. R. Lawler
13th F. C. Belot	30th Robert Mead
15th W. M. Gollan	31st H. Webster
R. C. Chapple	

AUGUST.

1st S. J. Fox	19th A. F. Gay
6th P. B. Lusk	20th H. H. McIntosh
7th A. T. Selman	22nd P. B. Lindsay
8th G. Keighery	25th Hon. A. Mair
14th E. K. White	26th P. H. Goldstein
S. Biber	30th E. Hunter Bow-
15th R. B. Hughes	man.
18th Professor J. D.	Arthur Langley
Stewart	31st E. Sodersteen

new name suggested by a son of the owner was found to have been allotted already. Tommy Nicholson, Assistant Secretary of the A.J.C., recommended Abbeville in memory of the French town in which he and his pals had had a good time while on leave in World War I. Abbeville has since provided Bill McDonald with a good time, as was the due of a sportsman who had sons and daughters on active service in World War II.

* * *

NOWADAYS, the term "Wolf" is being fastened on to men. That distinguished American, "Marrying Tommy" Manville, who should know, comments:

"I think seven wives qualify a man to set himself up as an expert on women. Of course, no man can

THE part played by the weather in determining the date of D-Day is mentioned in "My Three Years With Eisenhower," by Capt. Harry C. Butcher, Naval Aide to General Eisenhower, 1942-45. The author tells of the chief German meteorologist having missed the significance of a weather front which passed through the Channel on "D-Day minus one," with relatively good weather following it. Confident of bad weather, many German officers in Normandy were on leave or on manoeuvres on D-Day.

Butcher says that the Allied weatherman had given a rather doleful report, and when asked what the weather would be on D-Day had hesitated for two minutes and then replied that he was a meteorologist, not a guesser. On that bracing piece of information, Eisenhower at once took the responsibility of fixing D-Day.

* * *

CUTTING out of the 1 o'clock rush for fags robbed us of a few familiar scenes: Jack Wyatt's backward exit from the counter against formidable opposition; Ken Hardie's dash from the luncheon table to get his head down in the first row; Jacky Isaacs wiggling his way under the arms of the big 'uns from Row 4 to Row 1; the backing-up in the corner near the machine; the percentage who arrived late as a habit and expected their money to be passed over the heads of those who had been waiting 15 minutes for the barrier to rise.

WE admired the fellows who had said that they would forego smoking until such time as they might get what they wanted when they wanted it—and had the strength of will to stick to their decision. One member who flouted claimed that he could have “cut it out for good” had he been able to last the first day. Club members fared well, and are faring well, everything considered. When we will fare better depends on developments outside the control of this club.

* * *

MR. HEDLEY WARD arrived quietly from Capetown last month, but not a very different Hedley from the one who went away. He is still a pronounced Australian, and proud of it. He is in search of up-to-date ideas for the Jockey Club of South Africa, of which he is secretary. He is particularly interested in the S.T.C.'s stall starts, and also he is investigating totalisator systems. In S.A. the old-fashioned manual still operates, and is much too slow and cumbersome. Hedley has come up to secretaryship by the unusual route of stipendiary steward—a position he filled on his arrival in S.A.

* * *

MR. HARRY TANCRED was entertained by his fellow-directors of the Sydney Turf Club at luncheon before leaving for Britain and America. Mr. Tancred will have a multiplicity of interests, but the major one will be a look-see of the meat industry, particularly in South American countries. While on the job he will not overlook his racing interests, not only in South America but in England and U.S.A. Chairman of the S.T.C., Mr. Hill has said how much the directors and the club owe to Mr. Tancred, who has given both time and business resources to the development of the new racing body. The information which he gains overseas will be in an honorary capacity, and should be invaluable.

* * *

LADY GAME, trained by S. R. Lamond, Jnr., ran in The July Juvenile Handicap at Randwick. How came the name? Lady Game, wife of a former Governor of

N.S.W., knew nothing of the racing game, and cared less—or as little as did her husband, Sir Phillip. He divulged on a sporting occasion that the largest sum he had ever risked on a horse race was 1/6—and he didn't collect!

* * *

JACK WYATT was not in the club one recent morning. As another member remarked: “That's news!”

* * *

JIM JAMES told of a picture he saw recently of a man suffering a hangover, leaning out of bed and addressing a mouse: “Must you stamp about the floor like that!”

* * *

FEW can tell a story with the flavour imparted by Bill Brooks. He's a fisherman, and that probably explains it.

* * *

JIM GERAGHTY, M.L.A., met Arthur Postle in Brisbane recently. The former champion runner is engaged, nowadays, as a bookmaker's clerk and, according to Jim, still is a perfect physical specimen.

* * *

IN his youth, Alan Cortes was amateur jockey, amateur runner and footballer, and a performer of quality in all three.

* * *

A.O. ROMANO finds it embarrassing to own a champion in this respect: People usually do not inquire of his health, but ask: “How is Bernborough?”

* * *

MANY claim, and it is a fact, that Jack Shaw's playing of the role of the broadcaster in “Smithy” fully merited the commendation it evoked. Jack was a “natural” for the part, and gave it the seasoned touch of the regular trouper. Best of all, he didn't over-play. He inherited something in this department from his father—the world's greatest in his domain.

* * *

THE Singers of Australia, an institution with an object to encourage singers and promote song, has members among those associated with this club, and should claim more. Jack Woodridge will provide further information.

BRIAN CROWLEY announced that Flight would be returned to Sydney from her Brisbane spell about the end of this month and be prepared for her final season on the turf. After that Flight will go to the stud. Guesses have been made as to the sire with which she will be mated, but her owner says that no selection has yet been made.

* * *

ALEX. McFARLANE wrote from Eastwood to Frank Underwood, committeeman of this club and of Sydney Turf Club regarding the early use of the camera at race meetings: “In 1880, Otto Fuchs took photographs of horses engaged in the high jump at Grafton show. A Sydney newspaper, to which one of these photographs was sent, replied that it could not be dinkum because a horse in death agonies could not assume that position. Otto's next experiment was with horses racing on the Grafton course. The committee permitted him to take a shot in the straight, and this was satisfactory. Otto told me of his early attempts to get the shutter to work fast enough for moving objects. He should be credited with having been first in Australia to prove that it could be done.”

* * *

DID you hear of the bellringer who had his leg caught in the rope? He was told off.

* * *

WE regret to record the deaths of Richard Wootton on 26.6.46 (elected a member 9.12.1895), and W. A. Greacen on 1.7.46 (elected a member 31.3.34).

* * *

MR. ARCHIE WILSON finds the housing position in Sydney as bad as it is reported to be—or worse. He is on leave from his position as stipendiary steward in India, and leaves later in the year for his last term in office. He hoped to find a home in Sydney to which he could return for his retirement, but it is not easy. He threatens to challenge his brother Fred as champion dog breeder or carnation grower—just as a sideline when he finds a home.

TELLING THE HE-MAN

In a sentence, Grace T. Mayer says "Huh!", exposes the trend towards femininity and tips them off to recover their masculine strength. Here is a condensation of her article in "The New York Times" magazine.

MEN ARGUE THAT WOMEN are easily influenced by movie stars and will fall for any slick advertising campaign. But the advertising tycoons (mostly male) in promoting the sale of products for men use the same technique as that employed in selling to women.

A current advertisement for men's hats is captioned, "Careful, men . . . you're being watched." And the background shows an attractive girl scrutinising each male head illustrated. Another advertisement for an after-shave lotion is headed, "Men! Dance Date To-night?" and goes on, "New lotion for men leaves skin refreshed . . . wins instant approval of wives and sweethearts!"

Incidentally, the total volume of men's cosmetic business for 1945, which was £12,000,000 is expected by the trade to be doubled for 1946.

The theme of a campaign (aimed at men) for a well-known dentifrice is summed up in a caption, "Met her on Sunday—Lost her on Monday!" above a forlorn youth's head. Need we add that, further along in the advertisement, the same youth is smiling happily into the eyes of an approving maiden? And his kid sister chants the reprise, "Met her Sunday—Lost her Monday—took my tip—and Woo! Woo! Wednesday!"

Nor is the American man above taking a fashion hint from a screen star, and manufacturers of men's clothing (again mostly men) are as much on the alert for style trends from this source as any manufacturer of women's clothes. Let Mr. Crosby unfurl a sports shirt printed with a lush tropical scene complete with palm trees and flamingos in blushing technicolour, and the golf links and beaches break out in a rash of them.

When Der Bingle decided to wear a sports jacket that made him look like a sartorial schizophrenic, it was seized upon by males from 16 to 60, with the result that a man dressed pour le sport appears to be two different people, depending on whether you are looking at him fore or aft.

It was just a break that the materials were thus placed. It might have been the half-and-half version of classic court jesters. And it is too soon yet to breathe a sigh of relief.

With my own eyes I have seen a few men (just a few, I admit, so far) wearing hats that had bands made not of grosgrain ribbon but of peacock feathers!

Then there is the dreary business of proving male superiority over women. At this the American man works harder than

the male of any other country. As a result he falls into the habit of alibiing himself into superiority by insisting on the inferiority (mentally, at any rate) of women. He invariably acts surprised at any evidence of intelligence exhibited by women and is prone to regard it with suspicion, or as something a little unwomanly. To bolster up his doubts he seeks refuge in a variety of subterfuges.

For some strange reason my husband has kept a fairly complete set of the programmes of a famous men's club whose membership is made up almost entirely of artists, illustrators, photographers, writers, and in general, members of the creative arts. Until the war interfered it was the custom of this organisation to give an annual "brawl" (from what I have been told the word is well chosen), the high point of which was a theatrical revue, written, produced and acted by the members with just a sprinkling of girls to furnish that which the members of the club, in spite of the extensiveness of their creative talents and ingenuity, were unable to contribute.

Considering the fact that a large percentage of the members earn their living by painting, photographing or writing about beautiful women in various stages of dress and undress, a quick glance through these illustrated and annotated programmes leaves one with the impression that the shows are something in the nature of a busman's holiday.

Even the most unemancipated woman cannot help being aware of the discrepancies between the American man's protestations and his performance. And after enough reflection—and she's spent many long evenings in the last few years with not much else to do—she is led to the conclusion that in this case it is the gentleman, rather than the lady, who doth protest too much.

But why he should protest so much is something of a puzzle for her. The man who doesn't realise that nine women out of ten consider their lives meaningless without a man on whom they can lavish their affection and sympathy and admiration just hasn't bothered to learn the first thing about women. He may even have done himself (and women) the injustice of drawing his conclusions from the abnormal behaviour of the tenth woman, whose hardness is merely a pathetic cover-up for the bitter emptiness that all too frequently characterises a woman in whose life no man plays an important part.

The trouble with the American man is he doesn't know his own strength. It is he, rather than the American woman, who underestimates it.

RADAR'S INVENTOR

JOHN L. BAIRD, who died in his sleep in London, passed out comparatively young for an inventor. They're a long-lived tribe—Edison was 84 and Ford is still going strong at 83. The son of a parson, Baird was born at Helensburgh, Scotland, and educated at the Royal Technical College and the University of Glasgow.

Among his inventions was a noctovisor for seeing in the dark, from which developed radar and the televisior for sending pictures through a wire or the ether. Baird, having perfected an apparatus to enable people in special cinemas to see events occurring miles away, died on the eve of what looks like a rush by movie magnates for his system similar to the talkies stampede which ousted the silents from the pictures.

I was present at a hotel in Melbourne years ago at the first demonstration of his television gadget in Australia (writes a contributor to "the Bulletin"). A party sat in his room four floors up while a girl cavorted somewhere on the roof above it. Sometimes the top of her head would appear at the bottom of the foot-square screen, and at others her mouth made strange contortions at the top.

For one thrilling moment all of her countenance appeared on the screen at one and the same time. The consensus of opinion that day was similar to the opinion come to by a professor at Oxford about the first splitting of the atom—that Mr. Baird was an ingenious fellow and he had hit on a clever notion; but, of course, it would never have any practical application. B.B.C. started a television service using Baird's system in 1929. Three years later people at the Metropole Cinema in London saw the Derby televised from Epsom Downs, and in 1941 Baird demonstrated television in relief and natural colour.

Although the miraculous achievements of radar as a war-winning weapon are due to the combined efforts of a team of scientists, Baird's were the hands that laid the foundation.

Gene Tunney Sums Up

Among the many old fighters who weighed in with accurate enough forecasts of the Louis-Conn meeting the most emphatic was Gene Tunney (commented "The Bulletin"). Months before the event Tunney offered to bet ten thousand dollars that welterweight Ray Robinson could beat Conn over the title distance. "Conn," said Tunney, "has been a playboy for the last five years and is in no more condition to fight than I am. Or less." Tunney further predicted that "it will be the worst heavyweight championship match since Johnson and Jeffries at Reno, and may wind up setting boxing back 20 years as a sport."

GREETINGS TO ALF GENGE

In "Today's Yesterday"

Joined our club in 1889 and still going strong.

That is the proud record of our esteemed member, Alf Genge, who has been an eye-witness to the remarkable growth of our institution.

on his last birthday cake, is still young enough in mind to search for further embellishments and comforts for members generally.

Away back in 1884 Alf decided to try his hand at bookmaking in

horses, Alf plumps for Carbine and Abercorn as the best.

He strikes a new and logical note, in his summing-up of old-time champion prads and moderns.

"Weighing up the pros and cons, I have come to the conclusion that Carbine tops the list as the greatest horse because he could shine at any distance. As against that, Phar Lap, after going one furlong, could accumulate more speed than any other horse I have seen. After those named I hand it to Peter Pan because I can never forget how he won a Melbourne Cup with 9st. 10lb. aboard."

Alf Genge and his partner, Charlie Diamond, had the spotlight focussed on them in some heavy wagers when the pound note represented something like twenty shillings.

Charlie Diamond, on one occasion, laid £10,000 to £10 Cetigne-Defence for a double and another £10,000 on top of that at various prices.

In far-off days members were intent on gambling on which of two flies would first leave the wall, counter, chair or wherever they happened to be.

In our billiard tournaments it was also possible to back oneself up to £10,000, and one tournament was actually won by a member who had gone to that amount.

Most exciting finish to a tournament was that between Charlie Wawn and Andy Flanagan.

Scores were 248-249 in Flanagan's favour, when Wawn gave him a "safe miss" and lost the game!

At peace with the world and respected by every member of the club, Alf Genge expresses one deep regret—that he cannot get all his old associates back just to have one glimpse of the stately edifice that has grown from their, by comparison, meagre beginnings.

They would rub their eyes with wonder, declares the oldtimer. Still walking with sprightly step, Alf Genge looks like being with us for many years to come.

He will probably be the first member of the club to celebrate his 100th birthday party over the festive board. He looks well set for so delightful a function.



MR. ALF. GENGE.

At the time Alf signed on the dotted line of his application form our club was situate in Pitt Street, on the site of present Adams' Hotel.

Did you know that one?

Never was the old motto, "Mighty oaks from little acorns grow" more applicable to anything, says our subject.

He is proud of his club, proud of his associates, and, despite the fact that he had to blow out 86 candles

Newcastle, and soon became known right over the network of northern racing.

The programme in those times, he says, was two days at Newcastle; two days at Maitland, then one day each at Singleton, Tamworth, Armidale and Glen Innes.

He points out that Glen Innes, at that time, was the terminus of the northern railway.

When it comes to talking race-

Foreign Names.

These foreign names bewilder us. The other day we were in a deep sweat trying to think up that of the Ecuador terror who had dished Dinny Pails. Of course, it was Pancho Segura, but, before we got to it, among our trial runs was Cascara Sagrada. We can just imagine what an Ecuadorian would have substituted for Cholmondeley.

Bradman and O'Reilly.

What of Bradman? Don has not been communicative. A great deal will depend on the state of his health, and he is likely also to place his business interests before what, in any case, would be his final season.

O'Reilly's prospects of playing are problematical. He is considering a lucrative offer to write the games for an English newspaper. If he accepts the chances are that he will be barred from taking the field under the player-writer rule, which, broadly speaking, has a good deal to commend it.

Patrick's Refusal.

We have no crack coming to Vic. Patrick because of his refusal to go on meeting heavier opponents. The picture of a punch-drunk boxer isn't a pretty one. Patrick may have been clever enough to have avoided this condition, but it is to his credit that he isn't risking it.

G.P.S. Cheer Teams.

We like the spirit in which G.P.S. teams play their games of football. The home team receives their guests with handclapping as the latter trot on to the field. This is followed by three cheers, to which the visitors respond, after which each player of the home team shakes hands with his opposite. At full time, three cheers are given for the referee by both teams. Finally, the home team stand by while their visitors enter the pavilion. The boys are taught to observe this code as part of their education.

Test Crowd Barracking.

We believe that the writer on a Sydney newspaper, reporting the First League Test Match, who declared outright that the crowd was "anti-England," was correct. We hope he will continue so to express himself when the occasion warrants it. That heckling in Brisbane of the English captain, Risman, as he placed the ball to kick for what might have been a match-winner, was deplorable.

Gallagher : Owens.

Comparisons are being made as to whether Owens is the equal of Gallagher in the lock position. This would be difficult to estimate after so many years. Gallagher faced stiffer opposition. Sufficient should it be to say that both will be remembered as great players.

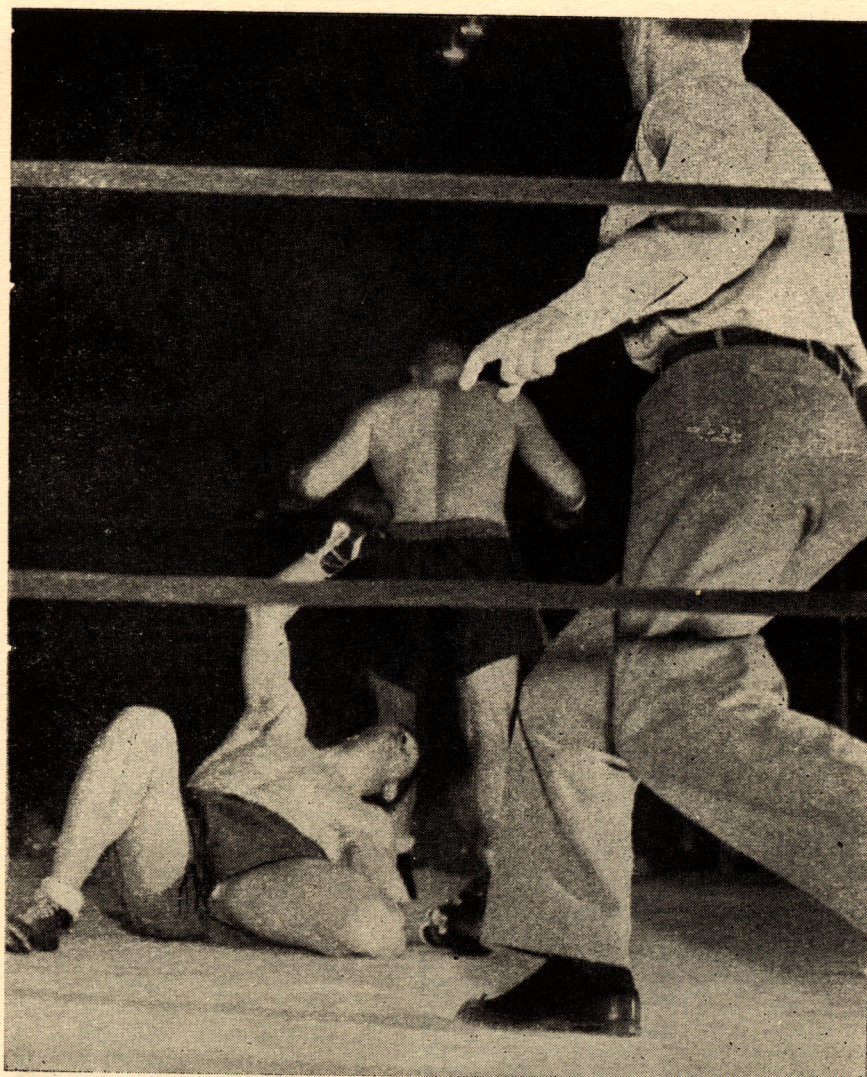
The Roundabout of

To Make Brighter Football.

Under a rule adopted by N.S.W. Rugby Union this season, a breakaway is barred from advancing beyond a line drawn through the centre of the scrum until the ball has emerged—"virtually

A Lost Chance.

The N.S.W. Cricket Association failed to capitalise the N.Z. tour as an opportunity to test the up-and-comers. The short view, rather than the long view, was taken—a most unenterprising,



When Bruce Woodcock, British Heavyweight Champion, took the count to Tami Mauriello.

until the ball is in the hands of the opposing half back," one who supported the innovation explained. According to others: "The purpose is to make brighter play possible by providing half backs with greater latitude." "Brighter play," made possible by a non-aggression pact, confuses Rugby Union football with a parlour game, which it is not, has never been, and should never become. This "enterprise" recalls a cry in the past to protect Australian Test batsmen—each armed with a bat—against bodyline bowling; presumably in the cause of "brightness."

sitck-in-the-mud policy. The victories rang hollow, for they provided no lessons, and proved nothing that had not been known previously. Summed up: a tour of lost opportunities.

Aussies Will Be Tested.

The team will encounter stiff opposition in the Dominion, which will be fielding the majority of the Services team—a combination which suffered only one defeat in Britain. So, whether the Aussies win or lose, they will be equipped with invaluable experience for the British tour.

all Australian Sport

Successful Betting System.

Behind a death notice which appeared in Melbourne newspapers last month is the story of a well-known racegoer who had been following a betting system with marked success for several years. He died soon after the system failed him.

At Flemington on Victory Day (June 10), when only two favourites were placed the system went haywire, and the backer walked off the course £1500 in the red. Never had he missed "settling day," either to pay or receive. But he was missing on the Tuesday after Victory Day, and it wasn't until later that the bookmakers learned that he had become ill after returning from the races. He died a few days afterwards without being able to fix up his liabilities.

The backer made a practice of laying odds on what he considered to be certainties for a place. It's recalled that he once laid £800 to £100 on Chaperone for a place. Another bet was £600 to £100 on Lawrence. He laid £500 to £100 on Bernborough in the Newmarket. His plan of campaign was to set himself to win £100 each day, and he wasn't afraid to lay big money on any horse that looked unbeatable for a place. As soon as he won he left the racecourse and didn't have another bet until the following meeting. This went on for many months until the system let him down—on Victory Day. Trying to get "square," he bet straight out and lost more. One of the bookmakers concerned had never collected from him. The punter had won every time until the last.—"Sporting Globe."

About Ike Owens.

Ike Owens, England's champion lock forward, has been "approached" by a Sydney Rugby League club. Owens would not name the club, but said he was awaiting the full terms of the offer, and would certainly consider them. Owens, who is aged 26, is the number one prize for Sydney "poaching" agents. It would have to be an outstanding offer to coax him to return from England (writes the "S.M. Herald.") He has a wife and two children, and although his previous financial arrangement with the Leeds club has not been as handsome as a player of his ability might expect, Leeds is a wealthy club with assured public support. Owens may expect to better his position there. Surprisingly, Owens has played very few games for Leeds as lock forward since he crossed over from Rugby Union three years ago. He was a breakaway in Union, and he has been a second row player with Leeds. Owens, however, has played lock in Rugby League international games, and he prefers the position. Leeds would no doubt want him as lock in future.

The Buzzard Horses Vary.

The Buzzard sired four winners in three states on Saturday, July 6, a record remarkable for its versatility.

Solvent won the Grand National Hurdles at Flemington and Buzharine the

R.U. Team-Building.

N.S.W. Rugby Union is team-building for a N.Z. tour this season and a British tour in the following season. An Australian team reached England in 1939, just as Hitler loosed his bolt, and our fellows had to be content with walking over Old Trafford ground before taking on the sterner game.

Australia's representatives of 1947 will have a good deal to live up to in the



Walter Hammond (in foreground), Captain of England, fielding at first slip against India.

Keilor Hurdles, completing a jumping double.

St. Buzz won a flat race at Randwick and Honey Buzz won at Albion Park in Brisbane.

Calculate, the dam of Solvent also produced Addition who was only useful on Sydney courses.

The Buzzard is due for another Melbourne Cup winner—he has two already—Old Rowley and Rainbird. He is the sire of stayers.

tradition of the Wallabies and the Waratahs. Those were vintage seasons.

The Waratahs left a great memory in N.Z. Leading in a Test match, and with only ten minutes to go, they opened the game.

* * *

Hyde Park, which fronts our Club, has had a colourful history. It marks the spot of the first racecourse in Sydney, and, in the early days, portion was fenced off as a cemetery for suicides only.

MASTER TRAINER PASSES

Death of Mr. R. Wootton

Mr. Richard Wootton, who died on June 26 at Randwick in his 80th year, was rated the best judge in Australia of the value of a race trial, and the best teacher of jockeys. Possibly as a teacher and maker of jockeys he excelled beyond all others of his time, and he passed on this gift to his son, Mr. Stanley Wootton.

Mr. Wootton had a long and colourful career which extended from Australia, to South Africa, to England, and then back to Australia, and he remained a master of his craft to the end.

Mr. Jerome Carey, who acted as foreman for Mr. Wootton in the early days of his racing in Sydney paid the highest tribute to Mr. Wootton's racing acumen.

He said that his judgment of the value of a track trial between two or more horses was uncanny and unfailing.

Mr. Carey considers that Mr. Wootton's only rival in Australia for careful valuation is the veteran Mr. Frank McGrath who recently has retired as a public trainer.

But Mr. Wootton's great success was more as a trainer and maker of jockeys, a gift he has passed on to his son Mr. Stanley Wootton, who these days is the Lord of the Manor at Epsom where the Derby was resumed this year.

Mr. Wootton not only could make jockeys out of those employees who came to his stable, but also he developed his son, the late Frank Wootton, into one of the best riders ever seen on the turf in England.

W. H. McLachlan was taken to South Africa by Mr. Wootton, and rapidly became a sensation as a jockey. McLachlan went on to England with Mr. Wootton, and rode with success against the best jockeys in that country. Later Mr. Wootton launched Frank and Stanley Wootton as riders and Frank soon showed that he could hold his own with the American Danny Maher who had become all the rage in England.

According to Mr. Carey, the secret of Mr. Wootton's success as a trainer of jockeys was his remarkable patience.

Even after a lad had ridden a woeful race with the maximum of mistakes, his master would take him aside and quietly tell him when and where he had gone wrong. Eventually, and almost always, this paid dividends, and Mr. Wootton had first class jockeys riding solely for him long before they were recognised by others.

One and all were taught the value of the shortest way home.

Mr. Stanley Wootton who came to Australia to see his father a brief period before his death, proved a rival as coach and instructor of jockeys. An authority in England considers that Stanley Wootton-trained apprentices have provided a

score or more top-ranking jockeys in England and Ireland, both on the flat and over fences or hurdles.

In England Mr. Richard Wootton's principal patron was Sir Edward Hulton, the one newspaper proprietor in England who raced on a large scale. Stanley Wootton also at one stage trained the Hulton horses.

The north country newspaperman brought all his Lancashire acumen into his racing affairs and the combination with



The Late Richard Wootton.

his Australian trainer proved most lucrative. Sir Edward was not the type to lose money over his Turf enterprises.

Mr. Wootton left Australia in the early 1900's to settle in South Africa, and, with W. H. McLachlan as his jockey soon broke into the limelight.

Probably the high-light of his stay in South Africa, however, was his son Frank's first success.

In 1907 as a ten-year-old Frank rode his first winner at Johannesburg and in order to obtain permission Wootton Sr. had to put Frank up as an amateur.

The tiny fellow wore a borrowed pair of McLachlan's breeches, and colours much too large also ballooned from his small figure.

Frank was only a "chalk" jockey and the bookmakers gleefully blew out his mount Centurion for the Goldfields Cup to any old price.

Mr. Wootton stepped in and backed the horse for a small fortune. Frank rode

Centurion like a veteran, and the father had the satisfaction of knowing that he had a champion jockey in his son, and that he had won a large sum of money.

Going to England in the years just prior to World War I. Mr. Wootton settled at Treadwell House, built up a huge stable for rich patrons, headed by Sir Edward Hulton, and won hundreds of races.

But Frank was still the best horse in the stable and his income for five years averaged £7,000, of which £2,500 was a first retainer from Lord Derby.

Some years, however, he earned £4,000 in fees on horses trained by Wootton Sr.

One of the most unfortunate episodes in Mr. Wootton's career was costly and lengthy litigation with Mr. R. S. Seivier concerning matter published in one of the latter's newspapers. Mr. Wootton gained the verdict but only small damages.

Shortly afterwards he thought about returning to his homeland.

Back in Australia Mr. Wootton raced more modestly but had an occasional good horse but none of outstanding merit. He remained, however, true to his ideals in regard to jockeys and endeavoured to develop good riders from among his own employees. He gave the lesser lights much encouragement and many chances.

Wherever possible he was ready to take advantage of youth and the apprentice allowance.

For many years the veteran Mr. P. Nolan trained his horses, but Mr. Wootton himself hardly missed a morning at Randwick, or a gallop of any consequence. He was a first-class judge to the last.

Within the last few years his horses have been trained by J. W. Barden, son of the former famous jockey and who has had his share of success.

While in Australia, Mr. Stanley Wootton took a keen interest in his father's horses and during his stay the last good winner of the stable, Lady Marie, developed her best form.

Mr. Wootton is survived by his widow, and three daughters from his second marriage, and also one son and one daughter.

The funeral which followed a service at St. Jude's Church, Randwick, on June 27, was attended by a thoroughly representative body of business and racing interests.

Mr. Wootton had a large circle of friends in racing who paid tribute to his knowledge and judgment.

HORSE OF THE MONTH

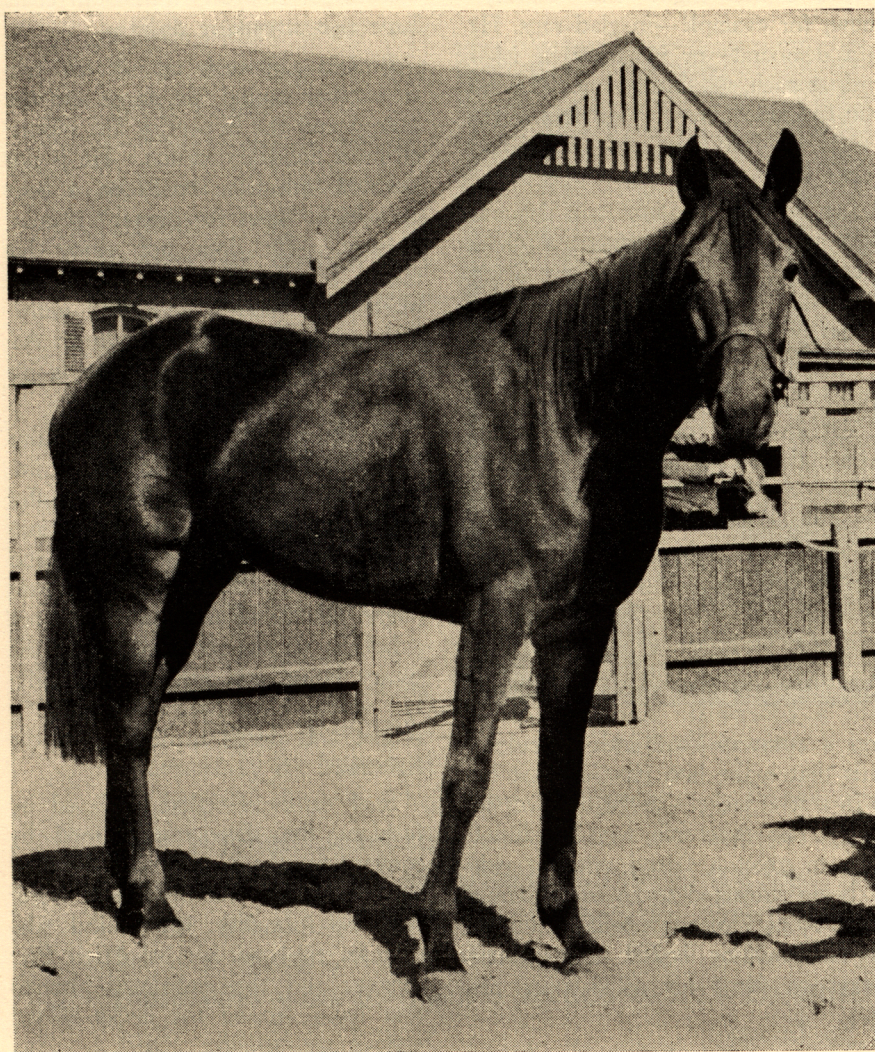
Courtship's Comeback

Courtship becomes the horse of the month, not because of her racing exploits of the moment, but because she has returned to be trained again for racing. Only for her own common-sense and great constitution, and modern science as applied by veterinarian Mr. Roy Stewart, she would be, at best, at the stud, or at worst, only a memory.

Early in the year as a result of a track mishap at Randwick, Courtship collided with the rails and stove in her chest so

Randwick ready to tackle the racing game again.

Take a look at the picture on this



COURTSHIP WAS NOT DISTURBED BY THE CAMERA.

badly that all who saw her at the time considered the only way out was a quick dispatch.

Courtship and her veterinary surgeon however, had other ideas and now she is back at trainer F. Dalton's stables at

page of Courtship when she was discharged from hospital, and apart from being poorly in condition she is a whole and normal mare. No flaws can be seen in her chest conformation.

Yet only two months earlier she had a

hole between her forelegs and an area from which hide, skin, and flesh was gone of easily fourteen inches by eight inches.

Early washes by sulphur solutions then treatment by penicillin no doubt played a great part in the recovery, and also Courtship's determination to give herself every chance was a big factor.

She was the perfect patient, who made no attempt to get down or disturb the splint which literally held her chest together. She declined to be ruffled, and also decided that to live she had to eat.

She soon learned also to recognise her well-wishers.

Almost every morning for the first fortnight she was in hospital I called to see her and she soon began to treat me as an old friend.

At the end she came slowly and gingerly to the door of the box for a handful of lucerne, and an expression of approval.

Real Horse Sense

Horsemen have their own ideas on the intelligence of horses as compared with that of other animals and Courtship in her days of distress seemed to prove one theory.

Keen onlookers say that good horses always are sensible and Courtship was, or is, no exception.

Conversely, it is said that the highly-strung and the ratty type of thoroughbred seldom, if ever is any good as a racehorse.

Only time will tell whether the injury has left any weakness which will be revealed by the strain of racing. At present her general appearance suggests that she will be as good as ever.

She struck one poor patch of form, for after being the champion two-year-old filly she did not come up again in the spring when she was set back by a minor injury.

Her trainer, however, was patient, and by the mid-summer she was in winning vein again, but then came the complete full-stop.

She is the class who cannot be spared from racing and with any luck she will make the grade again.

She will deserve a warm welcome.

A DRESSING DOWN ON DRESSING UP

INSISTENCE ON THE WEARING OF DRESS CLOTHES BY THE COMPANY SPECIALLY INVITED TO THE "SMITHY" PREMIERE INSPIRED THE WRITING OF THIS PROVOCATIVE ARTICLE. VIEWS EXPRESSED ARE PERSONAL, NOT OFFICIAL. SPACE WILL BE MADE AVAILABLE IN A FUTURE ISSUE FOR STATEMENT OF AN OPPOSING OPINION SHOULD IT BE ADDRESSED US.

NO man with sufficient balance to refrain from wearing a Henry VIII. costume at a race meeting or a church bazaar can explain why he should go to the theatre disguised as a waiter or an undertaker's offsider. Yet he does it, and extracts pleasure from the ordeal—or so he says.

Neither can a man, who refuses to wear the boots of a deep-sea pilot

SHOULDN'T A MAN, decently dressed in black, be qualified sartorially to go anywhere? And, if not, why not?



at a wedding, explain why he should attend a first night—the "Smithy" show, for example—in glad rags. He is a democrat—or we hope he is!—and, as such, would be annoyed were you to chide him with grovelling before that fastidious old fop, Good Form.

Let any theatre manager demand that each patron represent a character, say, in history, before being admitted. What an outcry there would be! What talk of oppression! "Do you think that we are a lot of silly women, sir?"

Yet an order of that kind would relieve the awful monotony of a distressing array of citizens who present the appearance of waiters with one ear on the dialogue and the other on the dinner bell, or of a mournful gathering of undertakers' assistants at a mass interment.

Yet the objector willingly struggles into a boiler-plate shirt and collar and a cutaway coat with ridiculous tails that make him imagine that he is in a straitjacket—as he deserves to be. The miserable wretch cannot turn to greet a friend without risk of being subjected to an excruciating pinch by his impossible collar or bursting his bulging boiled shirt which essays to force his collar over his ears.

When the primitive human being was invited out to dine, owing to the inviter's tribe having just killed a lot of the enemy in prime condition he put on a thick shirt of tough skin to protect his own pelt in case the convivial proceedings ran to fighting—in unthinking memory whereof he

now armours his body for festive occasions with a shirt having a white pine front.

And apparently because the remote ancestors ascribed to us by some savants, swung their tails as they sat on a tree-top and masticated a find of nuts, to-day we are not dressed for company unless our coats have two streaming tails.

Should a person take a sea trip to another capital, the farce and the misery and the hypocrisy are repeated on a holiday occasion. He is not satisfied unless he books on a boat on which "dress for dinner" is compulsory. He does not enjoy his meals, but he feels that he is not of the common comfortable multitude relishing a pork chop in an Assam silk suit; and he is happy in his misery.

So also in a trip to the Mountains in the summer, when the natural impulse is to shed the stiff and suffocating habiliments of the conventional city for the garb of easy life and fresh air, touched with the champagne flavour of the sun. It is not a holiday in the sense of easing the weary bones and relaxing mentally. He would have been happier in a singlet and ducks turned up at the bottoms.

Such is the freedom enslaved by fashion; the democrat chained by convention; the pleasure-seeker pinched by torture; the tired man burdened by formality; the radical who despises the cock-hats of High Personages and the embalmed animals that hang around the necks of the women of fashion.

Why not revolt in the name of common comfort?

Why not insist that a man dressed in clean clothes is a man dressed for any company, and able—like Wellington's Peninsular Army—to go anywhere and do anything?



Established 14th May,
1858.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

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T. T. MANNING

New Magazine in the Making

Message by the Chairman to Members

IN presenting this new, improved magazine which, I believe, may fairly be claimed for the remodelled production, your Committee has endeavoured to produce a periodical which more truly reflects the life of this great Club.

This issue is the result of a conference attended by several journalists, with whom we have long been associated. Their work has been to reinforce and embellish the suggested framework, and I desire to thank them for their wholehearted efforts in preparing this magazine for publication.

What has been done has been governed necessarily by financial limitations, but we hope by a bigger and brighter magazine to attract a greater number of advertisers, circulating as it does among a special reading public, it should appeal to those who wish to reach a section of high spending power.

The magazine goes into the homes of members and there is no waste circulation.

In the preparation of the magazine members may make a valuable contribution by co-operating to the extent of providing us with news items or indicating sources of information which we, on our part, might explore.

For this more earnest personal co-operation I appeal with a suggestion that members either contact the Secretary personally or by letter. We will do the rest.

Tattersall's Club is recognised as being one of the most important Clubs in the Southern Hemisphere, and in the estimation of many members of kindred institutions overseas enjoys a very high standing.

Those overseas Clubs publish magazines befitting their status and stature. Tattersall's Club should emulate their example.

Now is our opportunity.

To what measure we capitalise will depend on the degree of co-operation forthcoming from our members.

S. E. CHATTERTON,
Chairman.



Mr. S. E. Chatterton.

Shooting Two Aces.

Jim Ferrier set up what is claimed to be a record by doing two holes in one in the San Francisco Open.

Across the Atlantic this is more graphically known as to "shoot an ace" or in the case of Ferrier shooting two aces.

A hole in one is no mean feat, although it is almost commonplace these days, but not if it is one's own performance.

The perfect "one" is that which is obtained by hitting a ball which lands on the green, and trickles on and on until it enters the hole.

By comparison the shot which pitches the ball full toss into the hole is a crude effort.

From the point of view of the player, the ideal hole in one is where the green is in sight of the tee. The thrill is lost when the shot is a blind one. Without attempting to disparage the performance of Ferrier, apparently, holes in one, to some degree, are matters of luck.

Harry Vardon won the Open Championship six times, but only once did he hole in one, yet the record for the greatest numbers of ones was held by Sandy Herd, who had nineteen to his credit. And Sandy could wield a club.

Harmony in Sport.

The old topic of whether international sport does more harm than good has recently been revived. Opponents of international meetings have re-hatched old differences which have led to national antagonism. Those who argue that the many friendships formed far outweigh bursts of ill-feeling undoubtedly hold the saner view. Now that games and athletic pursuits are almost universal no country can afford a policy of isolation in these things any more than it can in politics.

Troubles that arise are due to several causes: the tendency to regard defeat as a national disaster; the lack of understanding displayed by crowds who are watchers and not players and the activities of the type of sporting journalist who, to make a "story," magnifies incidents into sensations. Added to these is the un-English habit of endeavouring to explain away defeat. All these things will have to be fought. If nations cannot enjoy their recreations in harmony, what chance can there be for the United Nations Organisation? asks "The Field."

Racing Takes the Air.

Already racing people in England are becoming really air-minded. They are discussing where landing grounds can be arranged for the various meetings, and also where plane parks are available adjoining the tracks.

The stewards of the Jockey Club expect to have a landing ground at Newmarket this year.

These arrangements for air transport to race meetings apply not only to men, but also to horses.

In Australia, jockeys have travelled thousands of miles to ride at two meetings

in different states over a week-end, and in England trainers have flown from Newmarket to Edinburgh.

There have been one or two cases of jockeys and trainers being employed at two meetings in one afternoon.

In America, horses have already been carried by air, and results have shown that this transport has not upset them any more than travelling by road or rail.

There will be highly strung horses always, who will become upset when in transport to and from meetings, but they are less likely to be harmed by the quicker journey by air.

Trainers in England consider that air travel will be beneficial because it will obviate horses being away from home and out of their own box overnight.

Really a Racing Head.

Alec Head, son of the successful trainer in France, Willie Head, is proving one of the most versatile jockeys in that country.

In France they mix flat-racing and jumping almost throughout the year, but apparently this does not bother young Head.

Recently he rode two winners over fences and hurdles at Auteuil, and the following day he rode the first two winners at Longchamp on the flat. Three of the horses were trained by his father.

Racing in France appears to be booming with week-days up to three being utilised in addition to the popular Sunday meetings.

The Grand Steeplechase carried the imposing prize of seven hundred thousand francs and over a million francs were distributed among the minor races.

Even in these days of extraordinary currency this seems to be big money.

Hostels for Apprentices.

Latest proposal of the Jockey Club in England is to establish a hostel at Newmarket to house a hundred apprentices.

This was approved at a recent meeting and should make employment in the racing stables at Newmarket most attractive.

Trainers at Newmarket have been stressing the need of such a hostel for some time, and recently the Jockey Club had agreed to co-operate.

A trainer once remarked that one of the first necessities in training a race-horse was to make him comfortable. Obviously this must apply to an apprentice, who should appreciate later on the improved conditions provided for them.

Not Too Old at Forty.

Mr. T. Southern has set out to disprove some well worn theories concerning the age of athletes, or those who partake in energetic exercise.

PLAYING FIELDS

At the age of forty-four he has begun to ride in point to point races in England, and won three races in one afternoon, at a hunt meeting in Kent.

He rode his own horses Celtic Cross and Sandpiper in two races, and then took the mount on Rollicking Ida owned by a fellow-clubman in the Foxhunters' Cup.

Mr. Southern had not been known as a rider in races before this season but commenced with outstanding success.

Life begins at 50!

Royal Filly's Prank.

Details now are available of the misdeemeanour of Hypericum, winner of the One Thousand Guineas, the first classic winner owned and bred by the present King. Sun Chariot and Big Game were raced on lease by the King.

Hypericum drew No. 1 at the barrier, but she anticipated the start and her jockey D. Smith was swept off by the barrier cords.

Hypericum however, cantered very sedately away, and when she was in line with her stable turned off the course, and disappeared behind the car park.

There she was caught and brought back again, somewhat unwillingly, towards the barrier. She was met by Smith who had been given a ride in the ambulance to save time, and he rode her the rest of the way to the start.

Hypericum throughout it all was most sedate and ladylike, and took little out of herself. During the race, after waiting behind the leaders until the last furlong, she came through and won decisively by over a length.

The victory of Hypericum was the King's third at the meeting, and all three winners were bred at the Royal Stud.

Indian Cricketers.

In the sixty years since the first cricket team from India visited England much has happened, and it is singular that while India's political destiny hangs in the balance, its cricketers are playing in England.

The first team from India were Parsees, wearing pink and white striped jackets and polo caps. Their tour was largely instructional for they won no matches, and lost nineteen.

They returned in 1888, however, and showed that they had learned, for they gained eight victories.

Cricket in India goes back to the early eighteenth century, and a hat-trick is reported as far back as 1743 but, the players of course were British. The first Hindu club was the Bombay Union, started in 1866.

Sporting Princes like the Maharajah of Patiala led the way by engaging profes-

OF THIS WORLD

sionals from England to coach promising players. Thus, "Ranji" and "Duleep" were developed and dazzled the world.

To-day only the best of England's cricketers can hold their own against such bowlers as Amarnath, and batsmen of the quality of Modi, Merchant, and the Nawab of Pataudi.

Blacks from Holland.

This has nothing to do with the Indonesian problem.

Forty black horses have been purchased in Holland for the Household Cavalry. Two British Officers have been sent to tour that country in a search for more suitable animals.

This apparently is a reflection on horse breeding in England where it was not found impossible to buy enough black horses for the Cavalry, either there or in Ireland.

As Holland was over-run by the Germans for years the position is interesting and apparently they did not fare so badly in regard to stock.

For many years before the war horses were bought in Holland for ceremonial purposes, and even grey horses were bought in that country for the Royal Stables in England.

Nothing to Spare.

Wellington, the capital of New Zealand, is just about as short of flat country as any city in the world, with most of its homes hanging precariously on hill-sides.

It is remarkable therefore, to learn that the Wellington Lawn Tennis Association walked off a property on which there were forty-six courts in 1941.

What were at one time trim and tidy tennis courts now are patches of rough ground covered by Lupins and bushes which have sprung up and developed undisturbed.

Peculiarly enough, the courts were re-discovered by members of the Wellington Cricket Association who were scouring the city for likely grounds for sports bodies.

This committee agreed that the council could transform Miramar, the location of the tennis courts, into a valuable sports ground and with little cost and trouble.

Retirements in Order.

The American girl who retired from a contest at Wimbledon in tears was not the first to do so. Suzanne Lenglen and Helen Wills did likewise—Suzanne was opposed to Helen when Suzanne com-

plained of a cold and, chucking it in, had "a real good cry." Helen, a bleak personality, rather chided her opponent at the time. But Helen's turn came. Opposed to Helen Jacobs, she complained of a bad back and withdrew tearfully. When Helen Wills faced her vanquisher in the final at Wimbledon, Helen Jacobs sprained her ankle and was greatly handicapped—but she carried on without a whimper. Only difference between the sexes in these circumstances is that women usually cry; men invariably swear.

Fry Still Spry.

Old C. B. Fry is still going great guns as a writer of cricket. The English have not given him the go-by because they relate experience to age and learning to experience, which isn't a bad policy, as we realise on reading some of the modern "ace writers." We don't think that they should continue their rehearsals in public.

From Amateur to Pro.

Major R. Petre who won the Grand National Steeplechase this year on Lovely Cottage, is applying for a licence to train under National Hunt rules this season.

This will necessitate his riding as a professional next season.

Major Petre continued riding after his Aintree success, but received a heavy fall at a minor meeting in England, and was recovering from severe concussion when the last mail left.



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Richard Parry Tells of G.B.S.

Richard Parry, who has appeared so successfully at the Minerva Theatre, both acting and producing plays, gives an impression of his most interesting experience with George Bernard Shaw.

Appearing in "St. Joan" at the Malvern Festival, with Wendy Hillier as St. Joan, he had the privilege of being produced by the illustrious playwright himself.

Apart from being a good actor, though "he doesn't claim to be one," as well as a writer, G.B.S., has that great faculty of explaining the character in the play and then inspiring the player to get that character in his own mind, and then projecting it over to his audience.

This ability to see a character, then bring it to life through the medium of voice, body, and thought, in the actor is one of the most important of the producers' roles.

Equally important is to present a balanced play to the audience, and to do that the producer must mould each character and create the right atmosphere with decor lighting and sets.

So much for the acting and producing.

Richard Parry began his stage life in Australia—the hard way.

He was an enthusiastic amateur at nights after doing his regular job of work all day.

His first theatrical professional appointment was short lived, but the second, round Australia, and a New Zealand tour at least stayed the course for 18 months.

Then the decision was made to go to London—in 1923 to be exact—and from then Richard played his part as an actor or producer continuously. His last action part was in "Love in Idleness" and his latest productions were "Dangerous Corner" and "Corn is Green", all at the "Minerva."

These days he is teaching the young idea in between his other jobs, for he has a high opinion of the young Australian in music and the arts—if they receive their chance.

There is an unlimited well of talent in Australia to be plumbed," concluded Richard Parry, "and in every way the young Australian could hold their own anywhere—given their opportunity."

"Among Those Present."

The crowds that rucked in Market Street on the night of the "Smithy" premiere reminded us once again that we can't throw stones at the bobby-soxers of America. Every big city has its proportion of these nitwit exhibitionists, the emotionally unstable. They are meat for the publicity hounds.

HIGHLIGHTS AND FOOTLIGHTS

Good Music—And Bad.

Sir Malcolm Sargent and Walter Susskind told us at different periods that Australian orchestras contained players who would not be out of place in more famous orchestras; but more, Australians had a genuine appreciation of good music. The inference was that we should be given greater opportunity to enjoy it. And so we should.

Probably that opportunity will come with the return to peace. Something should happen to drown the deluge of the boogie-woogie stuff, a new tyranny that has been clamped on us by B class stations, in particular. Of course, we still retain the freedom to turn it off—but that is not altogether the question as it relates to greater opportunity.

"Popular"—So Called.

The Australian Broadcasting Commission has resisted the voice of the tempter, and the temptress, to make the broadcasting of good music a secondary consideration. It has been called "stuffy" and prodded in high places to provide "popular programmes." Probably Mary Martin shrieking "Me Heart Bee-longs T' Dadd-ee-ee!"

Hammerstein's Shows.

Oscar Hammerstein said, during his stay here, that he was anxious to have his musical shows "Oklahoma," "Carousel," and "Annie Get your Gun" produced in Australia, and it is more than likely that theatregoers will see these productions in the near future.

Box Office Bit.

Two movie men were talking shop. One asked: "How's Business?" Said the other: "Oh, colossal, colossal! If it doesn't improve shortly I may have to put up the shutters."

"Rose Marie" Again.

"Rose Marie" was first produced at the old Her Majesty's Theatre in 1926. Harriet Bennett, Reginald Dandy (afterwards popular on the English stage and in films as John Garrick), and Freddie Bentley (as Hard-Boiled Herman) were in the cast. New Zealander Joy Beattie will play the title role with Don Nichol providing the comedy in the revival. A newcomer in Wilfred Johns, English juvenile, plays "Jim Kenyon."

Well—We'll Bite.

As advertised about a movie co-starring actor and actress: "Tantalisingly together! . . . Intimately together! . . . Provocatively together! . . . Excitingly together! . . . Romantically together! . . . Desirably together!"

WANTED QUICKLY

By "Prompt"

When are we to get some bright new musicals, some smart and snappy comedies, and even some up-to-the-minute dramas (if needs be) to offset the continual shriek and scream?

To make this plea is to be suspected of being one of the very old-fashioneds and there are hundreds of young folk in Sydney alone bursting their buttons off to get into a "live show."

But there is not one real theatre left for them—as players. There are some compromises in halls and buildings.

Don't think for one minute I want to

Such is Fame

Overheard in the Coffee-shop:—

"Went to see the show in that funny old place in Castlereagh Street—I liked her—what's-her-name—Madge something-or-other."

"But him!—what's his name—eh—Cyril—he doesn't speak Australian."

So actors and actresses have mixed honour in their own country and apparently headlines in London don't count.

push the picture shows overboard but I do think that they are out of proportion.

I could not count up the picture houses in Sydney, but the flesh and blood shows are easy—the old "Royal," the "Minerva" and the "Tivoli."

The last-named has its special niche as a vaudeville show and hardly comes into the scheme although we all appreciate it and hope it stays for ever.

Thousands of the young folk want to see live shows and where—oh—where can they be?

Naturally, first of all we must have the personnel but the old troupers assure me that there is talent to spare in Australia.

Some leads from overseas would supply the balance for experience.

There is much talk of a national theatre but so far only talk.

Do let us get down to a concrete performance, concrete, bricks, and mortar to house some really alive up-to-date shows.

ON SILVER SCREEN AND STAGE

Tribute to Ken Hall

In our opinion, no Australian movie director or producer—certainly no American—has accomplished so much with so little in money and materials as Ken Hall.

BEING an Australian, he does not enjoy among his countrymen that full measure of recognition which should be his due. But that he was chosen by the boss of an American movie company to direct "Smithy" is a significant sign that he is rated highly overseas. Here is a list of some of the players who got their start on the movies under Ken's direction:

JOHN WARWICK. Played second lead to John Longdon in "The Silence of Dean Maitland." Has been a featured actor in English pictures and on the London stage since 1934. Spent four years in the R.A.F. and is now back starring in a London play.

JOCELYN HOWARTH (Now known as Constance Worth): Came in with no experience and was given the stellar role in "The Squatter's Daughter" in which she had a big success. Later played in-

genue lead in "The Silence of Dean Maitland," went to America, starred for R.K.O. in a number of films. Married (and divorced) George Brent. Now under contract to Columbia pictures.

CECIL KELLAWAY: Well known on the Australian stage. Starred in "It Isn't done," went to America under contract to R.K.O., made good, came back to Australia to appear as the star in "Mr. Chedworth Steps Out," returned to America and is now under contract to Paramount. Almost certainly in the thousand dollar a week class on a 40 weeks' contract which isn't so bad!

SHIRLEY ANN RICHARDS: Given the female lead in "It Isn't Done," with Cecil Kellaway, made an immediate hit. Played lead in "Tall Timbers," with Frank Leighton, "Lovers and Luggers" with Lloyd Hughes (American importation), and "Come Up Smiling" with Will Mahoney. Left for America the week after Pearl Harbour with £20 in her pocket and with some introductions we were able to give her. Got a start with Metro in a Short and has since had a great deal of success, particularly in "Love Letters" recently at the Prince Edward Theatre. Her best picture is yet

to come I believe. It is called "Searching Wind."

Others who have done well overseas are:

NELLIE BARNES: Featured with George Wallace in "Let George Do It" and has since starred in London on the stage and in pictures.

ELAINE HAMMIL: Female menace in "Lovers and Luggers."

FRANK LEIGHTON: Had the lead in "Tall Timbers" and has played in English pictures and has also made stage appearances.

LOIS GREEN: Played in "Gone To The Dogs." Done well in English pictures and on the London stage.

* * *

S MITHY is satisfactory as a narrative and as a production. Whether it is, or is not, "the best picture ever made in Australia" is beside the point. That comparison means nothing anyhow. As a basis of comparison it leads nowhere.

Reviewing "Smithy," we need to forget much of what has been claimed for it by its sponsors, and consider for ourselves how it "measures up" in treatment of narrative, in manner of production. And in this connection "superb" is not the word. Say "satisfactory" and you will get nearer to fact. See it, by all means.

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BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

Granted that in tournaments such as ours the "must win at all costs" idea never enters the heads of contestants and the friendliest of feeling prevails in both snooker and the three-ball game. But, there is another side to the subject.

Look at it this way: If your opponent's white accidentally finds its way into a pocket the natural thing for you to do is to lay him a "double baulk," which means he cannot strike a ball with a direct stroke.

There is nothing "friendly" about that if statement No. 1 holds good.

Actually we (and we are all in it) are prone to gloat and joke about our skill and our opponent's misfortune when we manage to get both balls behind the baulk line with a well-judged stroke.

No player can afford to give way to that "easy going" attitude of being participant in a game that does not matter. The reaction to his own game will be quickly apparent. It will create a frame of mind which will cause his general play to deteriorate pronto.

The opposing white should always be potted if it can be made to pay a dividend.

* * *

General News Items

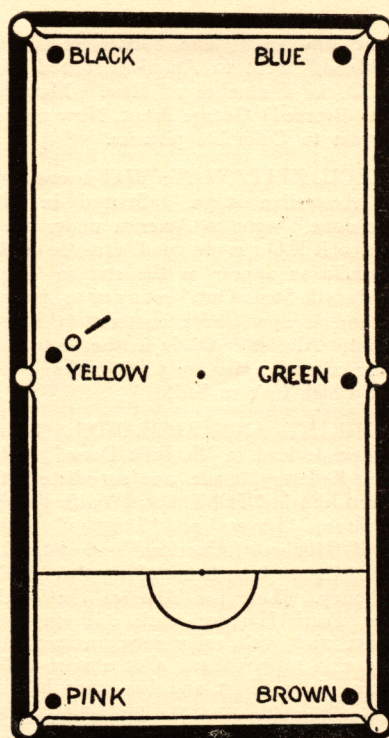
There is a burning question with cueists, and especially in tournaments, regarding just when they are "in play." The official ruling is from the moment the striker goes to the table with the intention of playing the next stroke.

* * *

W. J. Peall, former English champion, who made a break of 1922 away back in 1885, will be 91 years of age next December. He still plays regularly. On three occasions in the "Gay 90's," Peall thrice defeated his opponent pointlessly. Charlie Dawson was the victim. The first two clashes were 600-up and the third 500-up.

* * *

Here is an official ruling regarding a snooker after a foul. The striker, of course, is entitled to both the edges of the ON ball. If the referee has any doubts about it, in a fine decision, he is entitled to use



For those who would improve their snooker the diagram above shows one way. It is a system used by champions and not so easy as it looks. Idea is to pot every colour ball in its proper order. It looks simple and is. Here is the "kick"—After sinking the ON ball, the cue-ball must run to within 18 inches of the next colour. That will test your cue control, strength and positional play.

a "dead" ball to measure and assist him in arriving at an equitable decision.

* * *

The Billiards Control Council were asked to give a ruling on this: "A" was playing and made a foul stroke. Neither "B" nor the referee noticed it, and the game proceeded with the next stroke. A spectator advised "A" of what had happened and he claimed a foul, which was not allowed.

OFFICIAL RULING: "It is the referee's duty to intervene immediately if he observes any contravention to the rules. An opponent can call the referee's attention to a foul at the time of its being made, but not after the next stroke has been played. The foul is then condoned and cannot be awarded against the striker."

EXAMPLE: Should you foul a ball with your sleeve and it escapes

the referee's notice and you play the stroke as though nothing happened the referee cannot foul you if the actual stroke was fair.

* * *

Joe Davis, world champion snooker player, recently engaged in a contest at Birmingham (Eng.) and cleared the table on his first visit. It was the fourth occasion during his career he had done so.

* * *

Peter Mans, of Johannesburg, recently made a break of 137 at his first visit to the snooker table. He scored ten blacks, three blues, one pink, one brown and all the colours.

* * *

Readers of Byron will remember this in "Don Juan": "In play there are two pleasures for your choosing. One is winning and the other is losing."

* * *

According to the "Billiard Player" (Eng.), the official journal of the controlling body, "Billiards is known to have been played in a crude manner before the birth of Christ."

* * *

From the same paper, same edition, a quotation by Hubbard: "Why they call a feller that keeps losin' a good sport gits me."

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VICTORY SNOOKER TOURNAMENT, 1946

RESULT OF FIRST ROUND.

A. J. Kellett	Rec. 50	beat	R. M. Colechin	Rec. 25	by 7
W. S. Edwards	" 60	"	C. E. Young	" 15	by 30
C. O. Chambers	" 45	"	'Oral'	" 15	Forfeit
L. G. Richards	" 40	"	T. Butterworth	" 65	Forfeit
"G.J.W."	" 30	"	M. A. Doyle	" 50	Forfeit
R. H. Alderson	" 30	"	J. L. Hughes	" 60	by 6
S. E. Chatterton	" 40	"	B. M. Lane	" 25	" 34
H. F. R. Brooks	" 50	"	"Rose Bay"	" 10	" 55
E. W. Bell	" 60	"	G. H. Booth	" 50	" 16
J. A. McClean	" 60	"	R. E. Edmondson	" 60	" 38
D. E. Jenner	" 50	"	J. A. Miller	" 40	" 12
S. O. Beilby	" 45	"	F. E. Headlam	" 35	" 27
W. Askew	" 40	"	J. K. Monro	" 55	" 10
G. D. Tayler	" 65	"	A. K. Quist	" 60	Forfeit
C. L. Parker	" 45	"	A. H. Chartres	" 65	by 8
L. H. Howarth	" 45	"	J. Harris	" 50	" 33
H. J. Robertson	Scratch	"	E. Lashmar	" 60	" 25
H. G. Parr	Rec. 55	"	C. C. Hoole	" 50	" 1

VICTORY BILLIARD TOURNAMENT, 1946

RESULT OF FIRST ROUND.

J. Harris	Rec. 110	beat	J. E. Grigsby	Rec. 75	by 96
J. A. Roles	" 80	"	C. E. Young	Owes 20	" 15
R. M. Colechin	" 100	"	L. J. Haigh	Rec. 110	" 12
J. D. Mullan	" 140	"	N. Seamonds	" 150	" 18
C. Crome	" 100	"	F. Vockler	" 30	Forfeit
A. R. Buckle	" 120	"	"Rose Bay"	Owes 150	by 134
H. F. R. Brooks	" 140	"	J. S. Blau	Rec. 110	" 68

THANKS FROM THE R.N.

LIEUT. W. HUTTON-ATTENBOROUGH, R.N., wrote from H.M.S. Adamant to the secretary before the ship departed from Sydney: "On behalf of Lieutenant-Commander P. N. Howes, D.S.C., R.N., Lieutenant N. R. Wood, R.N., Surgeon-Lieutenant G. S. Watson, R.N.V.R., and myself, I would like to tender our grateful thanks to the Chairman and Committee of Tattersall's Club for permitting us to become Honorary Members of the Club during our stay in Sydney. It was an honour we very much appreciated. I hope that one day in the not too distant future, H.M.S. Adamant will return to Sydney and allow us to see once again the many friends we made at Tattersall's."

In 1913 a seaman from H.M.S. Challenger deserted in Melbourne. Two years later he was identified and arrested. He had spent the intervening time in the Police Force.

* * *

Adam was the name of the bridegroom and Eve the name of a bride at a wedding on the Paradise, a yacht anchored off the coast of Portugal.

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P.S.—The ordinary £10,000 for 5/5 events are still being drawn every 8 days.

WAR-TORN RACECOURSES

Taking stock of England's racecourses has revealed some problems for executive officers. Newbury still has on it 35 miles of railway sidings.

I have lately had the opportunity of visiting several racecourses in the south and of hearing from secretaries about others, writes Robert Colville in the "Field." Some are, of course, still requisitioned. Some are de-requisitioned but work on them is held up pending a licence from the Ministry of Works. On others, this licence has been granted and the task of rehabilitation is proceeding within the limits prescribed.

It was found possible to continue racing at Newmarket throughout the war. On the outbreak, the Rowley Mile was requisitioned for the R.A.F. and occupied by a very famous squadron of Bomber Command. This made it necessary to transfer all racing to the July Course, which is, of course, smaller and without facilities for accommodationg very large numbers of the public. Racing was continued on this Summer Course until October, 1945, and it is interesting to look back on the number of days' racing during the war period. In 1940 there were 17 days; in 1941, 25 days; in 1942, 30 days; in 1943, 21 days; in 1944, 21 days; and in 1945, 26 days.

This unusual demand on the course and its facilities called for a very high level of maintenance from a gravely depleted staff, and the present excellent condition of the course reflects the greatest credit on everyone—particularly when one remembers that this war-time racing culminated in the first war-time Derby, at which there were 50,000 spectators. Shortly after the Derby of 1945 the Rowley Mile Course was de-requisitioned. This left three months in which to carry out repairs due to non-maintenance during the war, but they were effected and the October meetings were held in something like peace-time conditions.

Ascot Untouched.

Ascot was comparatively fortunate in that the actual course was untouched and it is in first-class order to-day. Racing has, of course, been going on there for two years, but in circumstances very different from the pre-war luxury. All the stands, except the Royal Enclosure, were in possession of the Army, but during the last two years it was possible to use for racing the Royal Enclosure Stand, the Iron Stand, though not as a club, the lawn in front of the Grand Stand and the front portion of the Ten Shillings Stand.

All stands and enclosures were open to the public this year as in pre-war days. A considerable amount of damage, however, to the buildings has inevitably been done.

and this, combined with the restrictions on renovations and painting, together with natural dilapidations, will take a considerable time to restore to pre-war standard.

No course was more fortunate than Epsom in one respect—that a bomb which should, by rights, have blown a great part of the buildings away failed to do so. It entered the roof near the lift to the boxes (which is still working), and made its way through successive floors to burst on the tarmac in Tattersall's Ring. Other damage was done on the north side by a flying bomb. But no buildings were erected on the course, which is in excellent condition. One great improvement here will be a chain link on the rail side of the course which will extend all the way round and should prevent paper from blowing across the track. All the stands, to which very little damage was done by occupying troops, will be in use. The damage to the sunken Tote is superficial, and two-thirds of the Tote building in the paddock survived a bomb.

Glorious Goodwood.

The approach to Goodwood is still as lovely as ever it was. The surrounding woodlands contained many troops during the war, but all trace of their occupation has gone with the exception of some huts which appear likely to remain for some time. The birdless grove is still without sign of bird life—due, I believe to the fact that it is composed wholly of beech trees.

The course itself was never in better order. The requisitioning which lasted from September 4th, 1939, till February 18th, 1945, did not affect it, and a tenant farmer ran cattle on it throughout the war. Several alterations were, however, made in the buildings. The front of the Grand Stand was bricked up, but this wall has now been removed. A false floor was laid to make a dormitory. Outside the Trundle Hill enclosure there are eight pylons—but they do not, of course, affect the racing, they merely spoil what was a lovely view over the hill.

It is impossible not to shed a tear at Newbury. Before the war surely one of the most pleasant courses in the country at which every spectator could see everything all the time, it must now be a candidate for the unenviable claim to be the furthest removed from a resumption of racing.

The course was earmarked for occupation before the war, and immediately after the outbreak several army units were accommodated in the stands. After

Dunkirk more units arrived, but this affected only the stands. The present melancholy situation dates from August 1st, 1942, when the course was required as a marshalling yard for the U.S. Army. Supplies came from America, were concentrated on the course and later despatched from it.

The real damage was done by the laying down of some 3.5 miles of railway sidings, some of which run along the famous straight mile. All over the land I saw great quantities of supplies—8,000 pontoons, great piles of timber, anti-gas vehicles and landing mats. There is no news of the course being de-requisitioned. At present the stores are being taken over by the Ministry of Supply with a view to their being sold.

What general conclusions can be drawn? In the first place, it is a matter for congratulation that so few courses have suffered damage to their tracks. At Bath, for example, there were searchlights on the track, but they did no lasting damage. Secondly, all the racecourse companies are, naturally, exceedingly anxious to resume, and some, as at Goodwood, have far-reaching plans. Thirdly, it appears—though, of course, this observation is made necessarily without complete knowledge of the Government's plans—that several courses should be, and could be, de-requisitioned.

The Government cannot be unaware of the public interest in racing—the crowds at Lincoln, Aintree, and Newmarket are sufficient proof. In many cases it would not take much labour or material to put a course at all events into a workable condition, and where this is the case it should be made possible to start work.

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IT'S SO EASY TO SAY YES

The philosophy of Elbert Hulbert is always absorbing. In the publication, "Health and Wealth," the writer deals with man's ability to say NO and stick to it. Here is one short example.

Nature makes the crab-apple, but without man's help she could never evolve the pippin.

Nature makes the man, but unless the man takes charge of himself, he will never evolve into a Master. He will remain a crab-apple man.

So nature requires men to co-operate with her. And of course in this statement I fully admit that man is but a higher manifestation of Nature.

Nature knows nothing of time—time is for men. And the fleeting quality of time is what makes it so valuable to us.

If life were without limit, we would do nothing.

Life without death would be appalling. It would be a day without end—a day with no night of rest.

Death is change—and death is a manifestation of life.

We are allowed to live during good behaviour and this is what leads men toward truth, justice and beauty, for these things mean an extension of time, and happiness instead of misery.

We work because life is short, and through this work we evolve.

The Master is a man who has worked wisely and intelligently, and through habit has come to believe in himself.

Men are strong just in proportion as they have the ability to say NO, and stand by it.

Look back on your own life—what was it that caused you the most worry, wear, vexation, loss and pain?

Wasn't it because you failed to say no at certain times and stick to it?

This vice of the inability to say NO comes from lack of confidence in yourself.

You think too much of the opinions of other people and not enough of your own. "Put your name right here—it is only a matter of form, you know—just between friends."

And you sign your name. The years go by and there comes a time when you pay for your weakness in blood and tears.

And the real fact is that the good opinion of the best people comes from your saying NO, and not weakly yielding and putting your name to a subscription, a contract or an acknowledgement which was none of yours.

Cultivate self-confidence and learn to say NO. It is a great thing to be a man, but it is a finer thing to be a master—Master of yourself.

The Australian rabbit "industry" came into being on Christmas Day, 1859, when twenty-four of their number were set free at Barwon Park, Geelong. Three months later a man was fined £10 for shooting one. Six years later the original owner killed twenty thousand.

* * *

Remember this next time there is a water shortage: A bath five feet long and eighteen inches wide holds a shade over thirty gallons if filled to a depth of nine inches.

* * *

Just before Hitler went mad in 1939 an Order of Merit was granted by the German Union of Large Families to a sixty-three years old shooting gallery proprietor of Hanover. The event marked the arrival of his thirtieth child. The other twenty-nine were all alive.



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RACING FIXTURES, 1946

JULY.

A.J.C.	Saturday, 6th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 13th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 20th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 27th

AUGUST.

Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 3rd
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Monday, 5th (Bank Holiday)	
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 10th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 17th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 24th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 31st

SEPTEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 7th
Tattersall's	Saturday, 14th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 21st
Hawkesbury Race Club	Saturday, 28th

OCTOBER.

A.J.C.	Saturday, 5th
A.J.C.	Monday, 7th (Six-Hour Day)
A.J.C.	Saturday, 12th
City Tattersall's	Saturday, 19th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 26th

NOVEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 2nd
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 9th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 16th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 23rd
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 30th

DECEMBER.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 7th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 14th
A.J.C.	Saturday, 21st
A.J.C.	Thursday, 26th (Boxing Day)	
Tattersall's	Saturday, 28th

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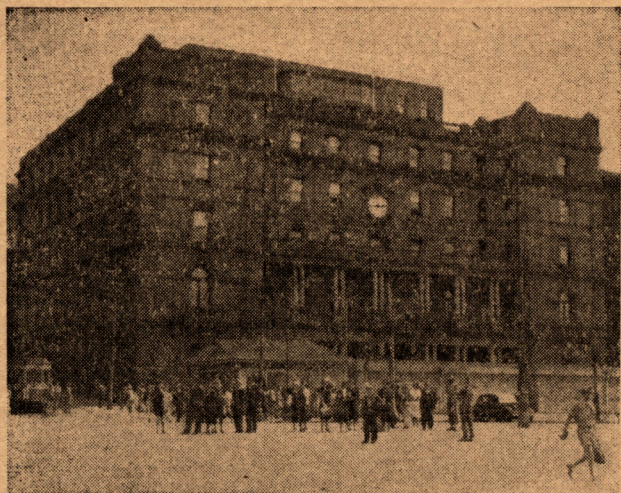
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THROUGH the ages, mankind has followed the mystical "road to Samarkand", the long, unending road of commerce.

The business of trading is as old as the world itself and in the practice of that ancient occupation, even so far back as the oriental splendour of Bagdad's merchant princes, we find the first traces of what is known as the Customs Tariff.

Wherever the long, slow, richly-laden caravans wound over the trade routes of bygone days, bandit hordes were ever ready to swoop on that unwieldy, unsuspecting and profitable prey. When some ingenious robber hit on the idea of forcing payment from merchants for safe passage through his territory, there we have the probable origin of the Customs Tariff!

It is on record that the Romans imposed customs duties and removed them on more than one occasion before the Christian era. There is also Biblical reference to one Matthew, who was a Customs Officer on the western shore of the Sea of Galilee, under Herod Antipas, Tetrarch of Galilee.

Today, the nations of the world use their customs levies mainly for the protection of home trades, but in 1800, long before the Colony boasted any home trades at all, what might be called the first Australian customs tax was levied. Its simple and strictly utilitarian purpose was to provide funds for the building of a gaol.

Governor Hunter, in making a levy on all spirits, wines and other strong drinks entering the colony, had in mind the growing lawlessness of the citizens and the pressing need for a place of correction.

In 1800, Dr. Balmain was appointed Naval Officer to the Port of Sydney and, as such, charged with the collection of customs duties. His office was a three-roomed shack which, according to some historians, was erected at the Quay—on the western side of Sydney Cove. That the collections made were profitable is evidenced by the fact that by 1824 they totalled nearly £28,000!

By 1825 the function of collecting tariffs had acquired a growing importance so that the position of Naval Officer was abolished and Mr. J. J. Campbell appointed Collector of Customs.

The Customs House, so-called from that date, was in 1827 removed from the old building at the Quay to an establishment on the site of the present G.P.O. From here, in 1830, the Department was transferred to premises in Argyle Street and in 1845 a building, originally of two storeys on the present site, gave the Customs House at Sydney its permanent home.

In May, 1834, Lieut.-Col. Gibbs was appointed Collector of Customs, and held that position until 1859. During his administration an event of considerable importance in the world of commerce occurred for, by proclamation under the Australian Colonial Government Act, 1850, the settlement in and around Port Phillip became a separate colony to be known and designated as the Colony of Victoria. A completely new regime in the Customs Department at Sydney was thereupon thought necessary. Arrangements were made for the establishment of a customs receiving office at the border between the two colonies.

Some years after the separation of Victoria from New South Wales, Queensland was declared a separate colony so that the Customs House at Sydney then ceased to exercise control over the Port of Moreton Bay.

Then, in the year 1900, occurred that momentous event in Australia's history—the unity of all States in the federation of the Commonwealth.

One of the first duties of the newly-formed Federal Parliament was to deal with the tariff.

The last Collector of Customs under the State was Nicholas Coulsen Lockyer, later Sir Nicholas Lockyer. It is said that this gentleman, who was a Treasury official and had been appointed to the position of Commissioner of Taxation on the first imposition of income tax in this State, refused to accept the office unless he also was appointed Collector of Customs for, in his opinion, that position would not be permanent, as he considered income tax ultimately would be abolished!

Under Federation, both Houses and the press were divided on the issue but the determining factor was the need for revenue. Under Federation, the States had relinquished the right to impose tariffs and the consequent loss of revenue had to be made up to them by the Federal Treasury. Lord Hopetoun, the first Governor-General of Australia, in his first speech to Parliament, said: . . . "We pass now to the business of administration and collection of Customs Tariffs. It will be necessary to arrive at a mutually satisfactory rate of levy and, whilst the question of revenue must be the first consideration, nevertheless, existing tariffs have allowed industries to grow in all States, but the factor cannot be overlooked . . . the tariff must, therefore, operate protectively as well as for the production of revenue. . . ."

The first Federal Tariff was proclaimed finally in 1902 and the rates remained unaltered for nearly six years.

And thus the Department of Customs and Excise of each State was transferred to the Commonwealth so that the Customs House in New South Wales, as we know it today—a square, solid, five-storeyed, sandstone building facing Circular Quay, functions under the direction of the Commonwealth Government.

One of Sydney's most familiar landmarks, this present Customs House was erected in 1886. Its duties are many, some of which are not generally attributed to the Customs Department.

For instance, it is not known widely that a customs officer is a film censor, or that the Department deals largely with immigration and the safeguarding of the country from any influx of undesirable citizens.

The main duties of the Customs Department are the collections of Customs and Excise duty, the regulation of imports and the protection of the public from frauds and goods of a dangerous nature. The Customs exercises a deal of authority and much responsibility, which includes search of vessels to detect smuggling.

The increasing importance of aircraft in the world of travel and commerce is now becoming an important factor in Customs procedure. The future seems to indicate that, with the expansion of air services, the Customs Department will have, in plenty, their post-war problems.

As part of the Customs organisation the Investigation Branch determines various trade requirements and collects data of a world-wide nature relative to trade and industry generally. Close investigations are made by the Branch into commercial capabilities of Australian manufacturers and as to the requirements of such manufacturers so that it may be determined which goods should be admitted under by-law to the Customs Tariff. A further check is made to ascertain if manufacturers are meeting their obligations to the public.

And thus it may be seen that, in the Customs House at Circular Quay, there exists a network of organisation by which many laws of trade and commerce are administered and by which the ordinary citizen of the State is protected.

Symbolically, the Customs House stands at an entrance to the city where, in ceaseless vigilance, it watches over the ever-widening destinies of Australian trade; Emerging from the earliest years of our history, the building signifies the bright, commercial hope that this nation surely will fulfil in the long future which lies beyond past years of war.



Lieut.-Colonel Gibbs.

THE RURAL BANK

OF NEW SOUTH WALES.